



ter : 4, Bro. Wilcox ; 5, Bro. Desett ;
sett ; 13, Bro. Williams ; 14, Sis. Mrs.
20, Bro. Queener ; 21, Sis. M. Wilcox ;
fighting.—M. E. Stanbury, Captain.

"Forgive them, Father!" hear Him cry,
"They know not what they do."
And all the suffering He bore,
Poor sinner, was for you.

Oh, wondrous love, that God above
Should give His Son for me ;
That from old Satan's cruel chains
My soul might be set free !

Tune.—"Alas and Did My Saviour Die."

6 By faith just now I plunge be-
neath
The wondrous cleansing tide ;
Its streams doth purify my soul
And all my sins it hides.

Chorus.

Oh yes, it flows, it flows doth flow
Right o'er my sin-stained heart ;
It washes all its stains away,
It cleanses every part.

My soul to save from inbred sin
Dear Jesus, Thou didst die,
And raise me up to purity
And kill the wretched I.

It is for me, poor guilty one,
The precious Blood doth flow ;
I cannot fear, I cannot doubt,
It makes me fully whole.

It saves me, yea, it saves me now
From sins of every kind ;
It lifts me up to joys untold,
And gives me peace sublime.

D. Hindy, Captain.

There is not half that pleasure, half
that glory in returning an injury as
in forgiving it: If you forgive your
enemy you make yourself his superior.
—Newton.

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the
Salvation Army, published by John M.
C. Horn, B. A. Printing House, 12 Al-
bert Street, Toronto.

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN NORTH WESTERN AMERICA.

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"Man shall be lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God."—II Timothy iii, 4.

OUR WITNESS BOX

"With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." Rom. 10

Ensign Sims Tells How He Got a Clean Heart.



HEN GOD SANCTIFIED MY SOUL, it was as definite a process as when fifteen months previously He forgave my sins, and saved me.

It was on the 5th of February, '88, that God for Christ's sake pardoned my sins, in a friends' meeting house.

Many hours had not passed ere I found that the Christian life was a struggle.

My old passions at times threatened me with defeat, and my temper, which often manifested itself in hot, heavy language, would rise at the least provocation, and although I would not outwardly show it, those around me as when unsaved, I had often to bite my tongue to stay from saying and expressing those feelings that I felt burning within.

I couldn't enjoy religion—I lived in momentary fear of showing to a godless world, and watching companions, that sin yet reigned, or at any rate was still in my heart. Not that I cared very much about myself, but I was afraid that I should hinder others from getting saved, and thus bring dishonor upon God, and this caused me sorrow.

I never remember having ever shed a tear on account of sin before I was saved (except at the consequences when found), but some time after being saved, I sinned and the bitterest tears that ever I shed were then.

For the first year of my converted life, I knew nothing of a higher life, although I inwardly groaned for complete deliverance from inbred sin, and felt that it could not be God's will that I should live with such a controversy in my heart.

It was on a Sunday morning in February, '89, that for the first time I entered an Army meeting in Edmonton, England.

Adjutant Morgan was leading and he knew the feelings of my heart, and the controversy that was going on within.

Heavenly grace: they pierced my very soul, and a light shone into my heart that was greater than the noon-day sun. I saw it all—had struggled long to get free, but had failed over and over again. Now I saw that I must give up struggling and accept the blessing of "Sanctification," or "Full Salvation." In the same way as I had accepted Salvation some time before.

I rejoiced at receiving the light, but the joy soon died when I found myself unwilling to pay the price.

In that meeting the invitation was given to those who needed sanctifying to come out to the Holiness Table.

The Spirit told me that I refused. I left that meeting condemned.

The following three months was the bitterest of my whole experience, and to go through a like experience I wouldn't for a thousand dollars.

I Had No Peace:

It went when I refused to obey God. The heavens seemed as brass; my prayers seemed to ascend no higher than the ceiling, and when I prayed the Spirit would only point me to my disobedience and say, "How about that?"

I didn't backslide outwardly; in fact, I did more work for God than ever before. I attended every open-air meeting possible, gave every cent I could to the work, often fasted, prayed for hours and nights at a time, even became a recruit to the Local Corps, in the hope that I might get the peace that I longed so much for; yet I was not willing to obey and go out to the Holiness Table.

The thoughts of what people might think prevented me.

I have truly and sorrowfully proved that the fear of man bringeth a snare.

My most intimate friends didn't know the experience that I was passing through; I feared to tell.

My friends thought that I was getting too religious, when the fact was, I was not religious enough.

Every holiness meeting now was a time of agony for my soul, and although I sometimes would go with the full determination to obey, I failed to do it.

One Sunday morning the Captain invited all Soldiers and Christians to come out to the front for a general consecration, and thinking that it would be a splendid opportunity of obeying God, and not to be too conspicuous, I went out with the rest.

I prayed for myself, but my prayer didn't reach heaven.

The showers of blessings that fell upon my comrades and made them shout for joy only felt like icebergs on my poor, disbelieving soul, and the HOLY GHOST THAT FILLED THEM WITH POWER ONLY FILLED ME WITH CONDEMNATION.

I tried to believe that it would come by faith, and that my feelings were from the devil, and so I testified to having received the blessing; but—ah, who knows the sorrow and pain of the one who disbelieves God; it was making me nearly mad.

Another week or so of fighting against the Spirit of God, and I saw myself as never before.

I was journeying in a third-class car on the G. E. R. in London, sitting next the window, when GOD SPOKE TO ME so plainly and lovingly, my eyes filled with tears, I could resist no longer; and love had conquered, and with broken heart I cried inwardly, "LORD, I WILL OBEY!"

It was like magic; my burden rolled away; the cross lost its weight, and I was sanctified.

That was on a Friday evening, and on leaving the train, I ran to the Bar of racks, went out to the Holiness Table to fulfil my vows, but it was in that third-class car that the work was done, the moment that I came to the I of self, and cried, "I will!" That was eight years ago, and I have a clean heart today.

592 SOULS SAVED

In One Month in Newfoundland.

300 New Soldiers—Slam Workers Doing Valiantly Among the Destitute—The Moss's Shelter Crowded—Ensign Moss, a Leeds District Officer, Walked 90 Miles.

The figure for the Slams up to date are 592 souls saved in the month of March. We have only heard from 11 Corps with regard to the Slams Enrolled, and they report 150, and we are believing that when we hear from the other 20 that it will go up to 300, for which we give God all the glory. I must say that the Officers and Soldiers took hold of it very nicely, and went in with all their hearts to make it a success, and God honored our labor with the above figures.

Not only has the Slams been a blessing to us in increasing our rolls, but the effort put forward for souls has been a means of drawing out the sympathy of the people towards us more than what it was before.

I HAVE JUST HAD A LETTER from Ensign Kenney, of Grand Haven, saying that God did indeed bless her, although it was so trying to the body; having had to walk ninety miles to visit her Corps, being her first time round the District, they gave her a hearty welcome, and not only that, but God used her in the Salvation and Sanctification of many souls.

Ensign Allan, of Harter Grace, has also made her first appearance round the District, and God is indeed blessing her, and is making her a power for good in the Harter District.

Ensign Newman has had a blessed time in his Corps, although the travelling has been rather hard, yet God has given him the victory. Ensign Parsons is having good times in his Corps and District, all the same as the other D. O.'s, travelling has been rather difficult; but the Corps that he has visited, God wonderfully used him in stirring up the interest of the Slams. Ensigns McKinnon and Ebsary are also having good times.

I am glad to say that our Slam Work is going on nicely and has become a blessing to many in the city. Lieutenants Storey and Ledrow are going in and out among the poor people, and many a child has been fed, and many a sick person has been helped by their aid this winter, which others would not be, only for this work that our beloved Commissioner hunched when on the island.

Our Shelter also is becoming a great success and has gone far above our expectations. It is now very nicely fitted up, doing well and paying its expenses. I am afraid that we will have to enlarge it in some way or other as the demand is so great. Not only does it accommodate the people of the city, but the out-her people coming in find it a great blessing to them, as they would pay quite a considerable sum for board and lodgings, now they can get fixed up at the Shelter for very little, for which they are very thankful.

I am glad to be able to report that all over the Island God is blessing us, for which we give Him all the glory.

ALEX. McFILLAN, Provincial Officer.

PACIFIC PARAGRAPHS.

By MAJOR SOUTHALL.

THE SIEGE is over, but its results still live, and will live in ever-widening ripples of influence while lives continue to affect other lives.

This reminds me what a mighty power this mystic something called "Influence" is. We cannot stay its operation, and yet it will live and affect the lives of others when the material powers through which it was conveyed will be mingled with the dust of Mother Earth.

Comrades—whether Officer, or Soldier, or Recruit, let this thought of our irrepressible responsibility serve to inspire to earnest effort for the Salvation of souls.

How much can diffidence, irritation, lackadaisical indifference, and lazy slipshod, half-hearted service be traced to the fact that this sense of individual responsibility is so little comprehended.

The reason of the above diversion, then, is to show that the increased energy occasioned by the Siege must be fraught with results that it would be impossible to measure the results until the great day shall declare that the circle of our influence has reached its limit. Who would say John Wesley's (and other great saints) had finished at their death?

In many cases it is but the beginning. Why not of other lives? Whether for right or wrong—evil or good—let us remember our actions to-day with influence many lives in after years.

I hope, in the endeavor to convey the above inspiration, I have made myself clear. What with symptoms akin to mal de mer, a rather rough road just here in the "bad lands" of Montana it is not as easy to think or to write as it might be.

But to the practical side: The results in actual figures of the Siege was 135 prisoners, and 87 new Soldiers.

I cannot give the Corps' figures, as my top-piece is not capable of retaining such a mass of information in one lump.

It is extremely pleasing to note that several Corps have kept the Siege fire burning, and the activity aroused through that effort is being retained.

Adjutant McDonald has had a distinct move-on in Helena, and were times better in a commercial sense, which would make the financing of the Corps easier, he would have an ideal Command.

Ensign and Mrs. Barnes have done a good work at Spokane. The interest has been very manifest. I recently had the pleasure of commissioning Local Officers and with the new personnel, feel sure brighter victories will be recorded. Spokane, on the distinction of having a Band of Love in operation with the attendant teaching of useful efforts, drills, etc. Great credit is due to the efforts of Mrs. Ensign Barnes in this accomplishment.

Victoria, Vancouver, Butte, Helena, and a few others will soon be added to the list. Which will be the first? I say unto you—WATCH!

Vancouver, Helena, Missoula, Livingston claim first places, and about equal honors for number of prisoners captured during the past month.

It was refreshing to have the presence of our genial former C. S.—Colonel Holland—for a day or so. He dropped off on his way to Seattle.

One or two changes are taking place. Ensign Woollam and Lieutenant Ziebert are appointed to Missoula; Captain Stevens and Lieutenant Southall to Nelson, B. C.; Captain Quant proceeds to the Spokane Receiving Home, having volunteered for Rescues work. Her services will be much appreciated there.

Ensign Barr reports a fair trip in the interest of the G. E. M. Scheme. We would reiterate with emphasis the good advice recently given him not to bother about mundane things. He is puzzled to find the line of distinction at times, but persistently refuses to acknowledge no preposition at least as coming under that category.

We are not dependent, nor are we mumping about with our fingers in our mouths. Our troops are ready for action, and we expect a response right about the line when the plan for the summer campaign is issued that will cause consternation and dismay among the dusky legion of our great enemy. But watch for tidings of future triumphs.

THE BAND OF LOVE.

A Reading.

PRAYER AND POTATOES.

AN OLD LADY sat in her old arm-chair, with wrinkled visage and dishevelled hair.

And hunger-worn features; For days and for weeks but only fare As she sat in her old arm-chair, Had been potatoes.

But now they are gone, of bad or good Not one was left for the old lady's food Of those potatoes;

And she sighed and said, "What shall I do? Where shall I send and to whom shall I go For more potatoes?"

And as she thought of the Deacon over the way, The Deacon so ready to worship and pray, Whose cellar was full of potatoes, She said, "I will send for the Deacon to come."

He'll not much mind to give me some Of such a store of potatoes."

And the Deacon came over as fast as he could, Thinking to do the old lady some good, But never once thought of potatoes;

He asked her at once what was her chief want, And she, simple soul, expecting a grant, Immediately answered, "Potatoes!"

But the Deacon's religion didn't lie that way; He was more accustomed to preach and pray, Than to give of his hoarded potatoes; So not hearing, of course, what the old lady said,

He rose to pray with uncovered head, But she only thought of potatoes.

He prayed for patience, goodness, and grace, But when he prayed, "Lord, give her peace," She subtly sighed, "Give potatoes."

And at the end of each prayer which he said, He heard, or thought he heard in its stead, The same request for potatoes.

Deacon was troubled, knew not what to do, 'Twas very embarrassing to have her act so.

All about these earnest potatoes; So, ending his prayers, he started for home. The door closed behind, he heard a deep groan,

"Oh, give to the hungry potatoes!"

And the groan followed him all the way home. In the midst of the night it haunted his room—"Oh, give to the hungry potatoes!"

He could hear it no longer, arose and dressed, From his well-filled cellar taking in haste A bag of his best potatoes.

Again he went to the widow's lone hut, Her sleepless eyes she had not yet shut, But there she sat in her old arm-chair, With the same worn features—same wan air;

And entering in, he poured on the floor A bushel or more from his goodly store Of choicest potatoes.

The widow's heart leaped up for joy, Her face was haggard and pale no more; "Now," said the Deacon, "shall we pray?" "Yes," said the widow, "now you may."

And he knelt him down on the sanded floor, Where he had poured out his goodly store.

And such a prayer the Deacon prayed As never before his lips essayed; No longer embarrassed, but free and full, He poured out the voice of a liberal soul;

And the widow responded with a loud "Amen!" But said no more of potatoes.

Would you who hear this simple tale Pray for the poor, and praying, prevail, Then preface your prayers with aims and good deeds, Search out the poor, their wants and needs,

Pray for their peace and spiritual food For wisdom and guidance,—all these are good. But don't forget the potatoes.

JAMES, 2nd chapter, 15th and 16th verses: If a brother or sister be naked and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto him, Depart in peace, be warmed and filled, notwithstanding you give them not the things which are needful to the body; what doth it profit?

Sent by Captain William Lewis, who adds, "It has a splendid moral; how empty a profession is without practice."

LIFE IN PARIS.

A large café the

arouses us with: "Come

brothers." We an-

to have come with

a harp, be-

the lady singers of

imprudence to accom-

the people are sit-

and invite us to come

gold 30 copies, we

xt. Here we find

They refuse at first

but we offer to sing

copies: these are

inadequate singers:

their praying.

take off their hats

and are thinking of

aying mother-and-

a difference! I

soon as we enter

ing. "Play some-

cabman who has

lute. We sing the

a Salvation." Some-

sten most religious-

verse, the cabman

to question: "Who

"Jesus Christ." —

cabman who is in

o be delivered from

—We point him to

ext ante is jacket,

re admitted. We

n this café we stop

conducting a re-

stablishing up on

a blood can make

and praying. The

the beneficent said

the servants, and

with uncovered

us listening. They

in, which we pro-

on their part pre-

meetings.—From

neo-Swiss War."

XX - Will Wed - XX

On Tuesday, June 23rd,
IN THE PAVILION, TORONTO.The Ceremony will be Conducted by
The FIELD COMMISSIONER.

WAR CRY

CHANGES.

A NUMBER of highly-important changes, affecting a considerable portion of the Territory, have just been decided upon by the Field Commissioner, as another column of this issue shows, changes which appear eminently well-adapted to not only maintain but necessarily our present splendid pace and especially make for a mighty summer campaign worthy of the Salvation Army's high standard and the great opportunity the summer months on this continent present for the salvation of souls.

WE CHANGE "FOR THE BETTER."

THE measure of the value of changes of commanders in the Army is gauged by the quality of the success which follows the change. We are full of faith and hope—are might say assurance—that after results will prove the wisdom and value of the present changes in a splendid and genuine advance for the Army. That this result may come about should be the prayer of every Salvationist, and especially of those who will be called to fight under new leadership through this act of the Administration.

502 SOULS IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

SERIOUS NEWS from Newfoundland and was necessarily late in reaching us, but the glorious results it is our joy to chronicle this week demonstrate most conclusively that Provincial Officer McMillan and the band of Officers assisting him have led on the siege of the island with great diligence and abundant success. The little island can always give an excellent account of itself in respect to Army work, especially when it comes to our main object—the Salvation of sinners. We join heartily in Newfoundland's doxology of praise to God for the 502 SOULS SAVED.

WEST ONTARIO.

WE THINK there is not a more solidly loyal nor better organized section of the Army in our Territory than the West Ontario force. To the leadership of these soldier troops it is the good fortune of Major and Mrs. Southall to be called. The Major is heart and soul in the service and will concentrate his last drop of blood to furthering the interests of the Army in West Ontario. It only remains for the District and Field Officers to go themselves, and lead their Soldiers on the well-known lines of utter devotion to God and enthusiastic co-operation with the new Provincial Officer in the affairs of the War to make the future a brilliant success. This they will do, and the War Cry prays God to bless both leaders and people.

"HOLD YOUR TONGUE."

IN connection with the recent death of Blomlin, the greatest of pessimists, it is recalled that President Lincoln once made use of him for one of his characteristically apt illustrations. To a fault-finding delegation that visited him, Mr. Lincoln said: "Gentlemen, suppose all the pessimists you were worth was in gold, and you had to put it into the hand of Blomlin to carry across Niagara Falls on a rope, would you shake the cable, or keep shouting out to him, 'Blomlin, stop a little more; go a little faster; lean more to the south.' No, you would hold your breath, as well as your tongue, and keep your hands off until he was safe over." There's a lesson here for some Salvationists—every man to his work and let the other fellows work alone.

THE NORTH-WEST NEVER GIVES IN.

THE EMERSON floods have furnished an unusual supply of difficulties to be overcome by our Officers in the prosecution of the war, and to the honor of the North-West wing of our forces we may say that these difficulties have been faced with a smile.

FIELD COMMISSIONER MISS BOOTH at the Grand Opera House, Hamilton, on Sunday and Monday, June 6th and 7th. Colonel Jacobs, Chief Secretary, and Territorial Headquarters Staff Band will be amongst the Staff assisting.

For Full Particulars see Local Announcements.

* You are earnestly invited to join *
* with us in fervent intercession *
* that God will pour out His Spirit *
* at these meetings so that the *
* crowds may be mightily influ- *
* enced for God, and many perishing *
* souls be brought to the *
* Saviour. *

Captain Mercer, who has just gone to Emerson, where the bridges are nearly all washed away in the country and they cannot take their rig, but go on horseback, says: "One of us gets on the horse and the other starts to walk; the one on horseback goes a mile, gets off, ties the horse up and walks on; the other then comes up to the horse and gets on and rides till he passes the first man on the road by about a mile again, and then ties up the horse and walks on, when the first one then comes along and mounts the horse, and by this means they get around the circle." He says the horse feels while he is waiting for his rider to come along.

BRIGADIER AND MRS. READ IN CENTRAL ONTARIO.

BRIGADIER JOHN READ has for some time now been considerably better in health, and as his health improved his thirst for more work increased, until he has roamed up and down his office like a caged lion, almost, to be up and at the devil in a more hand-to-hand fight than the duels which the Field Commissioner so kindly made very tight for his benefit, permitted him to go to the Central with the founding zeal of a lad, but with the wisdom and experience of a father in the war. He is already known, loved and respected, and will, with Mrs. Read, receive an enthusiastic welcome to the Central. Mrs. Read will still retain her position as the Field Commissioner's representative for the Women's Social Work, but having inspected the women's work West and East, will be free to devote a considerable amount of time assisting her husband with advancing the work of the Province.

We predict a summer of big battles and solid advances to Central Ontario. God bless and prosper Brigadier and Mrs. Read!

"WORK, UNREMITTING WORK WINS."

A LIFE INSURANCE paper, referring to a recently past "Labor Day," makes the following witty remarks, which are almost as applicable to Salvation Army Officers and other "raucous" of clerics as to the insurance man himself: "But the agent's labor day is still here. That is omnipresent. It is every day for six days in the week and fifty-two weeks in the year, and it is the agent who fully realizes this and lives up to it who is the successful one. Such an agent does not look for an excuse to lay off on Monday, to work half on Tuesday, or anything of that sort, but every day, from Monday morning to Sunday night, he is at work trying to secure applications. Does he succeed? Certainly, for much persistence always does succeed. Furthermore, it is the one who has a good increase to show at the end of the year, who is singled out for promotion. 'Always at it,' is the best motto an agent can take. There is small chance for the intermittent laborer either to earn a good income or to hear the Company say to him: 'Come up higher.' Work, unremitting work, is the force that wins in this world."

THE PACIFIC WILL ADVANCE.

WE CONGRATULATE Brigadier and Mrs. Howell, who Staff-Captain and Mrs. Watson on their appointment to the Far West. The country they go to is new, rising, and full of promise; the climate, too, of gold is over there, and the eyes of this whole North American continent, and even those of other continents, are looking steadfastly in the direction Brigadier Howell will travel, watching the golden road, which is rising in colossal proportions in those parts. Already a multitude have been magnetized by her spell and drawn to the golden region. "Thousands more will go. Among such a practical and enterprising woman, religion is held dear and by its profession, but by its fruits, and the more tangible they are, the better is the

verdict. It is safe to say that religion, as presented by the Salvation Army, has received the endorsement of the West. It only remains for the Salvation Army out there, as presented to the Officers and Soldiers to be true to itself, in order to build up a permanent soul-saving and holy-blessing agency, which shall stand as a feet, hands and heart amongst the people for the Christ. So it will be the work of Brigadier Howell and Staff-Captain Watson to lay the foundations deep and strong that the superstructure may be real and lasting. They are veterans of the fight, tried and true, and we believe they will do the work well. Brigadier Howell has had a highly successful past. He took command of the Central when the tides of feeling were very untoward, and has sailed through to victory. He will leave the Province in a united and prosperous condition. Then, too, his brilliant Self-Denial charge the few weeks he was down East cannot be forgotten. Considering all these things, we think the future is bright and heartily congratulate the West on their prospects.

Soul-Saving Troupe.

ADJUTANT MCAMMOND, Captain Haddinton and McCutcheon, all of West Ontario, have been dedicated as a troupe to go specially for souls during the summer months. Their first work at Stratford resulted in one for Holiness and seven for Salvation, and collections more than double. They are now at Guelph doing what they can to strengthen the hands of Captain and Mrs. Wakefield. Pray that God may make them a light in the Province.

Good for Adjutant Cass AND THE LONDON STREET RAILWAY.

ADJUTANT CASS is getting his plans well laid for the summer, and has already interviewed the President of the Street Railway, with the result that the Company has consented to take the Brass Band and Timbral Band to Spring Bank alternatively twice a week, free of charge, over the Electric Railway, with the privilege of holding open-air meetings, and taking up a collection at London's famous summer resort. This is a splendid victory.

Queen's Birthday at Kingston.

(Special).
THE GENERAL SECRETARY, and Mrs. Gaskin, with Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp, led special meetings Saturday, Sunday and Monday. In spite of tremendous outside attractions in the shape of military parades, with bands, nice congregations gathered and the meetings were good. One Queen's soldier sought Salvation, while many others were deeply convicted.
Staff-Captain and Mrs. Hurren were far-welcomed on Sunday, and Staff-Captain and Mrs. Rawling were welcomed on Monday. Our Soldiers fought splendidly. Brigadier Sharp just returned from successful five weeks' tour.
East Ontario is booming.

EXCHANGE WANTED.

Captain S. W. Fisher, 323 W. Superior Street, Duluth, Minn., U. S., would like to exchange the New York War Cry for the Toronto edition. Write direct.

LATEST BULLETINS

FROM

Territorial Headquarters.

OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

May 23rd, 1907.

The FIELD COMMISSIONER has decided upon the following appointments:

BRIGADIER READ, to the command of the Central Ontario Province.

BRIGADIER HOWELL, to the command of the Pacific Province.

MAJOR SOUTHALL, to the command of the West Ontario Province.

STAFF-CAPTAIN WATSON, of the Central Ontario Province, to be Chancellor of the Pacific Province.

STAFF-CAPTAIN MINNICE, to be Chancellor of the Central Ontario Province.

ADJUTANT H. MORRIS, Accountant, to the Chief Secretary's office.

ENSIGN PAGE, to be Adjutant.

STAFF-CAPTAIN HAIRGRAVE, to Territorial Headquarters.

ADJUTANT PAGE, to be Assistant Editor of the War Cry, in addition to her present duties.

ENSIGN SHEA, to be Assistant Trade Secretary.

ENSIGN KENNING, to Editorial Department.

ENSIGN PERRY and ENSIGN MORRIS, Secretaries to the Field Commissioner.

(Signed) C. T. JACOBS, Chief Secretary.

THE BERMDA CAMPAIGN.

Two Hundred People Seek God—Eight Thousand Attend the Meetings.

(By Telegraph.)

St. John, N.B.

Bermuda Campaign, glorious times. Great excitement. Two hundred seekers for God. Seventy-five for Salvation. Eight thousand attended meetings. Enrolled twenty-seven soldiers. Full report to follow. MAJOR FOGHIRE.

The Vancouver Shelter is an A 1 institution, so I learn. With Ensign Walker there we might expect that it will be worthy of his reputation and worthy of our Army.

Helen's Rescue work has been more than a success—it has been a glorious triumph. Spokane Rescue Home is doing very well, and promises to become a valuable institution to the city. The City Fathers were wise in granting \$1500 per month towards its support, and will doubtless be ready in all that amount to the work needed.

Adjutant Marston was the first fellow to cut a vein in West Three, Toronto, against the Sunday cars.



THEY were very and their life outward appearance of the hospital and good see with strain by reason of their and heat

The Brush of M... when the plain police the corner of their happy, mature of League of Mercy was Parkdale Rescue Home would be very much that there was an about them, but the from the point of th and who dare say th sympathy, and couri of Salvation is little visitant to the suffer But the cross-tun on a mission of nect lar occasion of wh had met with the b faces to take tea wh er, the Field Comm from her lips lesson them to be lived o and to bear rich fr these sorry situ amongst whom the It was a quietly but only a prelu formal, pleasantly ing that followed. Fire Salvationists o dice

A Bubble... of spiritual refreshm were such was Major Gaskin, who the League work beamingly proud they greeted the volly which was, one of the very b of masculine throu "Come, about an ring," given out by was sung by the a swing, which gr deigrate the volun same women wh voices are tuned they are angeli work That was a goo when Mrs. Read, rests the respons League of Merc Social work gene highly encouragin has never been up mind, and unifo (which were excel a corner of her bl unearthed to hel we recollect the the Commissioner she authoritative figures were equal nil but one of th the various Terr Salvation Army w worthy of the dat that there was a the purpose; but the delightful pur that left it such

The Commissioner Mrs. Read, who

H at the
Sunday
Colonel
territorial
and will
the Staff
isisting.

ULLETINS
Headquarters.

OUNCEMENT.

May 25th, 1917.

SSIONER has de-

ing appointments:

to the command

Provinces.

ALL to the com-

Province.

to the command

Province.

WATSON, of the

vince, to be (Man-

Province.

DINNICE, to be

Ontario Pro-

TRIS, Accountant,

Chief Officer.

Adjutant.

FARGHAVE, to

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THEY were very material angels, and their heavenly influences in the outward appearance. But the patients of the hospital and the convicts of the goal see with strangely discerning eyes the reason of their softness and sorrow and heart.

The Brush of an Angels Wing

when the plain joke-bonnet comes round the corner of their door. This group of happy, matter-of-fact members of the League of Mercy who assembled in the Parkdale Rescue Home the other night would be very much surprised to think that there was anything very angelic about them, but the above sentence was from the point of the ward and the cell, and who dare say but that the bringer of sympathy, and courage, and the message of Salvation is little short of a heavenly visitant to the suffering and sinful.

But the circumstance which was not on a mission of mercy upon the particular occasion of which we speak. They had met with the brightest of expectant faces to take tea with their beloved leader, the Field Commissioner, and to learn from her lips lessons to carry away with them to be lived out in their life-work, and to hear rich fruit in the hearts of those sorely shining or suffering ones amongst whom they labored.

It was a quietly joyful little tea-party, but only a prelude to the really informal, pleasantly, profitable little meeting that followed. A Band of Blood and Fire Salvationists cannot fail but to produce

A Babbling-Over Time

of spiritual refreshing, and that these women were such was speedily proved. Mrs. Major Gaskin, who has the oversight of the League work in Toronto, looked heartily proud of her "soldiers" as they greeted the Commissioner with a volley which was, as somebody puts it, one of the very best raised without aid of masculine throats ever heard.

"Come, shout and sing, make Heaven ring," given out by Mrs. Brigadier Read, was sung by the League members with a swing, which gave good cause to appreciate the volume of sound which these same women will make when their voices are tuned to hurrahs of gold and they are angels in feature as well as in work.

That was a good start to the meeting when Mrs. Read, upon whose shoulders rests the responsibility of not only the League of Mercy, but of the Women's Social work generally, read the latest and highly encouraging figures. The writer has never been noted for a mathematical mind, and unfortunately the details (which were excellent) have slipped into a corner of her brain. The figures were equal to all and better than all but one of the Rescue statistics in the various Territorial divisions of the Salvation Army globe. Her remark was worthy of the daily press, and it is a pity that there was no reporter present for the purpose; but then it was, of course, the delightful privacy of the gathering that lent it such.

A Homiletic Freedom.

The Commissioner suggested a volley for Mrs. Read, which was given with the

heartiness of those who know so well how to appreciate the devotion of a woman who tells night and day in the cause of the Christless and sorrowful.

It would be difficult to say who did not take part, for those who did not speak or sing contributed so much by their cheerful faces and responses. But the speaking was by no means confined to the few, and there was one part of the meeting which the Commissioner seemed to enjoy better than any other, it was the testimonies given by the members of the League of Mercy.

Somewhat the gentle presence of their leader, rather than awing them or causing them any embarrassment, seemed to give them but greater freedom of speech, and they talked of their love for the work and incidents of the success that the Lord was giving them to see in it, until their very faces shone, and their glancing-eyes even at times terrified and disconcerted the audience.

"Friday (that was the special day of her visitation to sights of the most sorrowful and depressing description) doesn't come round soon enough."

There was a little burst of subdued merriment when one sister declared her perfect willingness to

"Go to Jail or Anywhere Else for Jesus."

She is the devoted visitor of a certain city prison.

"I was rather frightened," said another, "when I thought of having to speak to the girls. I had never been able to do much in the preaching line. But I soon found out that it wasn't preaching, but only talking about the love of Jesus, and I could do that,"—this with a smiling face.

Mrs. Staff-Captain Smeeton's words were full of deep heart-thought as she told of the personal blessing that visits the saddest places of pain had been made to her soul.

Perhaps one of the most pathetic little words was given by Mrs. Major Gaskin in speaking of the tender interest and thought expressed by those visited by the League for the Commissioner, whom they have never seen, but whom they love the inspired leader of the people who have brought to them

Rays of Heaven's Own Comfort.

One of the most touching and heartfelt prayers breathed for our leader during her late sickness rose from the hospital bed, where the sharer and lab for 20 long years.

The League work was well represented by Staff-Captain Stewart, who had been invisible during the earlier part of the evening, being intent on the preparation and superintendence of the tea-table. Her quiet consecration is not of the kind to shine in a multitude. "I can talk best when I am with my girls," she said, giving us one of those glimpses into the depths of self-forgetting, gently, helpful lives that our Officers of the Women's Social live.

But while there was pleasure in telling and profit in hearing the accounts of victories achieved, there was a distinct expectancy in all hearts that there would be some substantial spiritual gain to each soul out of that meeting. Ensign Pugh must have been thinking of this when she uttered the members of the League to the students of some medical college who after going about amongst the spiritually and physically sick, had come thither to gather up fresh pills of grace and fresh stores of knowledge that they might go out the better able to soothe the pain and heal the sorrows of the sick and suffering.

This expectancy reached its culminating point when came

The Event of the Evening

and the Commissioner stood up to speak words of mingled sympathy and wisdom. She told how her heart went out to every branch of the blessed work of the League of Mercy, for had she not been one of the very first in the Old Country to open up this kind work, which it was not so comparatively easy to get into the public institutions? She had knelt herself by the hospital bed singing

words with which to cheer the dreary hours of some sufferer, while upon prison flags had fallen some of her best friends as she had pleaded with the hardened souls of criminals of all classes, and even with the sacred consciences of murderers. From out of a wide experience the Commissioner spoke tender encouragement, for this, she said, was a kind of work in which you could not always see what you did accomplish. "But do your duty," she went on, "and you may be sure that God is doing His part." Perhaps out of this thought grew another, and that the beautiful truth that blessings given are blessings bestowed, to return some time upon the giver's own head; for as the heavens give the rain and yet, after refreshing the earth catch the moisture back again, so the help and sympathy that we throw out of a deep heart, if it is but breathed over the head of an infant, so surely will come once more to us in a return of blessing, thus unconsciously.

Weaving Our Own White Robe,

and gathering the gems which will one day shine in our crown. A large heart was shown to be absolutely indispensable in that, or indeed any other kind of work for God and souls.

"I have one great ambition," said the Commissioner, "and that is to stretch everybody's heart wider. Get a large heart and you will get long sight to see further than appearances—long arms to reach the need, and long legs to go about the hills of difficulty." Then, before the close, when she brought the Officers and workers all before the Throne, and a short heavenly influence rested upon the little throng, the Commissioner spoke a word to all about the necessity of keeping unimpeachably and always right in personal exercises, beseeching those who had such constant contact with the sadness and selfishness of other hearts to keep always fresh the grace of God in their own souls. God kept nature fresh only about thirty-six hours of stagnation, and there would be epidemic-disease death: "There was an equal danger for the soul that allowed itself to live upon an old experience. But fresh grace received, made healthy the experience and successful the work."

But it is quite impossible to tell all that the Commissioner said that night—now not written in the details of words but in the thoughts of heart-mercy with those to whom they were said destined to bring increasing blessing down upon the sad lives touched by the Sisters of the League of Mercy. So that not only the "angels," but these wounded spirits to whom they go will share the harvest of that quiet hour.

The 24th at Guelph.

(Special).

VISIT OF BRIGADIER READ, Ensign Shea, Captain Pascook, Treasurer Cranfield and Sergeant-Major McCurtney for the Queen's Birthday. Week-end triumphant success. Saturday night, on the old Post-office stand, mighty, old-fashioned crowd. Inside meeting, good, TWO SOULS. Kuee-drill, ONE SOUL. Holiness meeting, TWO SOULS. Forty on the march in the afternoon. Wonderful free time in the barracks at the Free-and-Easy. Shea excelled. The Brigadier poured in hot-shot. Victory in spite of rain. The devil discomfited. The Soldiers devoted to the cause they have espoused. The renowned Walter Scott and Faithful Charlie Dawson with other veterans, still at the front. Adjutant Creighton, D. O., assisted nobly.

Soldiers fought long and well. Enemy repulsed and driven. Great open-air at night, with massive crowd and \$1.40 collection on the drum. Splendid indoor crowd at night. Wonderful power and conviction. THREE SOULS. TWO Comrades, a mother and her son, prostrated under the power of God. Captain and Mrs. Wakefield have well held. Great expectations for the Commissioner's visit. Monday, (Queen's Birthday) afternoon. Soldiers' Scout; THREE SOULS. Brigadier's Life sketch at night, grand. Berlin Comrades enjoyed themselves. Attendance nearly double average. Finances troubled.

IN LONDON, Ont., JAIL.

On Sunday afternoon, May 16th, we had a service in the jail, when thirty-two prisoners were present. Staff-Captain Pugh gave them a good straight-up plain talk on Salvation, and God's power to save and deliver from sin. Three of them requested us to pray for them.

H. W. Collier, Captain.



GREAT UNEASINESS prevailed at the Territorial Headquarters this past week, yet there was no panic, nor the signs of one. There seemed to be a feeling that something was going to happen. This feeling so caught hold of the financial office that I did hear some of its members could hardly work at all.

The official announcement that appeared on the Bulletin Board, caused great flutterings of heart, even to the repeating of "We cannot tell you next may fall beneath the chastening rod." (See Bulletin in another column).

By referring to the Bulletin, it can be seen exactly what has happened so far. Cannot say that this is the end. It may be the beginning of the end for a short time.

The Officers and Soldiers of the Pacific Province will heartily welcome Brigadier Howell and Staff-Captain Watson. I predict a glorious future for them. It will be, "I love you and you love me, we all love each other."

Major Friedrich, the late Provincial Officer for the Pacific Province, is at present on furlough.

The Central will welcome Brigadier Read and Staff-Captain Munroe with open arms. The progress of the Province will not only be maintained, but advanced under its able leadership.

The rapid strides the West Ontarians have made is well-known. The Officers are in good spirits and longing for an opportunity to show their love and loyalty for the flag by rallying to the help of their new Provincial Officer, bearing him up to the Throne of Grace and carrying out his wishes. This they will have an opportunity to do with Major Southall and will do it nobly.

The great move round at the Territorial Headquarters will have a good effect. The Commissioner has made some good changes and good changes always have a good effect. Amongst others, the editorial and Chief Secretary's Offices are considerably strengthened.

The Summer Campaign promises to be very interesting. The Territorial Brigade has started last week with the Field Commissioner to Bowmanville, next week to Guelph, then Hamilton, then possibly Brantford, Woodstock, Stratford, and perhaps Leamington, and perhaps not too early yet to say.

Just one more marriage. The Chief Secretary performs the ceremony at St. Catharines on Monday, June 7. Ensign Attwell and Captain Brink being the interested parties. We are delighted to hear of Ensign Attwell's success at St. Catharines, and pray that their united future may be useful and happy in God's service.

New Glasgow District.

The three months' campaign proved a success. A number of souls have been saved. The Enrolments were as follows: New Glasgow, 29; Stellarton, 5; Westville, 4; Pictou, 2. (wonderful trophies of grace) making a total of 33 Soldiers.

The Junior Soldier Annual was a good hit, creating fresh interest and encouraging the children. About 35 children took part in the "Easter programme" given at New Glasgow.

New Glasgow's new Soldiers are ordering uniform, which is a healthy sign. Slaters' bonnets, etc., brothers' garters, caps, S. S.'s, etc., these are the things we like to see.

Westville Corps and Band are coming on nicely. Captain Gamble and Lieutenant Hickey are having success.

Parewells, special "go's," and a Hallelujah wedding are among the coming events. Old warriors have come back again and are doing splendidly. Brother Jimmie McKenzie is home again and doing well. Praise God! Several others have been helped back to God, and the old smile and "Hallelujah" are very encouraging. We mean to fight and conquer.

Ex-Commodore.

"I ran up to the meeting at the Barracks last night and we had a good time. The Ensign gave me the prayer-meeting, and we kept her going till 11 p.m., and we finished up with eleven out and ten of them testified to receiving Salvation. Good for old Whinnier, eh?"

T. H. COLLIER.

THE WORLD'S MAD RACE FOR

"Wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many be they that enter in thereby.—Matthew vii, 13 (R.)"



THE FIELD COMMISSIONER TO HER TROOPS: "The Salvation Army must block the path of the pleasure-seeking on their way to destruction. I CHARGE YOU STAY

MAD RACE FOR PLEASURE.

...broad in the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many be they that enter in thereby.—Matthew vii, 13 (R. V.)



...th of the pleasure-seeking ... on their way to destruction. I CHARGE YOU STAND FIRMLY FOR GOD AND SOULS IN THIS SUMMER'S CAMPAIGN."

LATEST FROM WEST ONTARIO.

Recent Changes of Officers Producing Good Results.

THE Officers in West Ontario who were changing appointments have all come to their new appointments full of faith, and already God is manifesting His Spirit. Below are a few extracts from letters received from the Officers.

ADJUTANT ARTHUR HALL writes: "We had a good Sunday. So far eleven have sought the blessing of a clean heart, and seven for pardon. Total, 18. Christian for God!"

ADJUTANT GIBBINGTON says: "Arrived safely; find things in good condition, and we are in for victory. Three souls yesterday."

From ENSIGN ORCHARD: "A splendid reception. One soul on Saturday night."

ADJUTANT ARKETT writes: "Soldiers turned out well. A splendid day. Everybody seemed pleased. One soul on Sunday. We like the place very much." By the way, this is the Adjutant's first assignment in West Ontario. A hearty welcome is extended to Adjutant and Mrs. Arnett from all in the Province.

CAPTAIN JARVIS, Strathroy: "I promise you to strain every nerve to pull things up. The signs of the times are good. One soul last night; proper case."

From Detrola comes the tidings: "Good day yesterday and one soul."

CAPTAIN BLAKEWAY, Wyoming, writes: "I like the place well; nice crowd of soldiers; real good to help. I don't think I could have been sent to a better place."

CAPTAIN HERRSHOF: "I have found Theoford better than I expected. The Soldiers I have seen are getting on well in their souls."

CAPTAIN SLOTE writes: "We had three backsliders saved Sunday. I believe God is going to give us some good times in this place."

A COLONEL COMES HOME.

Colonel Hoan, formerly Chief Secretary for Great Britain, who three years ago resigned his commission as an Officer in order to help in a more expeditious manner the poor, has applied to the General to re-enter the work. He recommenced his Army career as an Officer in charge of a Corps.

The following is a copy of the correspondence in the matter:

My Dear General, I feel that I did wrong in leaving the Army, and I desire to acknowledge it, and, if you will receive me, I wish to return to its ranks.

When I resigned my commission it was to seek some quicker way of helping the poor. My soul had been deeply stirred by the hideous misery which our work revealed in many directions; I thought that some of the social and political remedies proposed by the enthusiasts of the hour might come those evils by methods which could be more easily and rapidly secured than those to whom the Army is pledged. I have found out my mistake. I see now that although there are, no doubt, many matters on which we legislate might co-operate with us, that it is in the change of individual character by God's Spirit that real deliverance must come.

Will you receive me back? My wife is not with me in this desire. We have had no real happiness since we left. We love the Army just as much as ever we did. We have never said a word against it, and have never had anything to do with those who have done so.

Yours faithfully,
W. BRINDLEY BOON.

International Headquarters, London, E. C.

May 17th, 1897.

Dear Comrade, I have received your letter, applying for restoration to our ranks. An appeal so frank and earnest cannot but go to my heart. I thought you very much mistaken when you went from us; I am glad you have now made the

discovery yourself, and have acted upon it in coming back home, and I have no alternative but to throw open the door and bid you welcome, and pray that it may be your lot never to go forth again until it is to join the company above.—Believe me, Your affectionate friend,
WILLIAM BOOTH.

Mr. W. R. Boon.

MIXTURES.

Major Southall, of Spokane, has been at Headquarters this week.

As far as I have observed, the Army is more than "holding its own." The Temple Corps cartridge money has more than doubled in the last five or six months.

Sixty-seven Temple Soldiers and recruits attended Soldiers' meeting on Thursday.

Special meetings were held at all City Corps on Thursday night by Headquarters Staff.

Rev. R. Whiting and Rev. Mr. McColl were present at Lieutenant Payton's farewell at Forest.

Montreal now has a No. 14, Salvation Army Corps—Joe Boef's, and French and English Districts.

The Forest Town Band played "God be with you till we meet again" at Lieutenant Payton's farewell.

London, Ont., City Council have very kindly granted our comrades the use of Exhibition Park on Sundays.

The Rev. Mr. Caskin were English Edwards' cup and took his place on the march at Frederikton on a recent Sunday.

The Temple Soldiers carried chairs on the parade, and had two open-air meetings, instead of the usual inside meeting on Wednesday night.

New Glasgow District is going in for a Jungle Band, a Mouth-Organ Band and Special Band of Love music—over in the open-air work this summer.

Say! I saw a hussle Captain the other day that didn't wear S. S. on her collar! How can she expect Soldiers to wear regulation uniform if they have a bad example?

John Hart, a red-hot, proper, good fellow, who has been an Army Officer in Japan, is wedding Adjutant Burdett at the Temple. I expect he will soon be an Officer again.

The Army is all right. Its Headquarters powers, or persons at the head centre are all right; therefore God smiles on it and gives victory. So don't you be afraid to enlist or help it along.

Churley Clark, the man that "sets up" the War Cry and Young Soldier on the Linotype machine, marched with the Temple Corps, played his cornet and testified in the open-air on a recent Wednesday night. There's lots of "big guns" helping us lately.

I've seen scores of Soldiers and Local Officers who have been in the Salvation Army for years that have not yet got into regulation uniform. They might as well get it "first as last," for we're an Army that always will be one, and armies always wear uniform to distinguish them from people who don't fight.

Bob Griffiths, well-known to many Salvationists, is settling in our etching department for a few days, and occasionally blows a horn in the Riot Band. He ought to be an out-and-out regulation Band and Pipe Soloist, and give himself completely to God and the Army to be an Officer. What do you think, Bob?

Mrs. Brigadier Read has a varied and interesting programme arranged for her tour in Eastern Ontario. In addition to a number of Salvation and Holiness meetings, she lectures on "Derelicts of Society." In each place visited, also "League of Mercy Work." In Ottawa, Mrs. Read speaks on the Rescue work in the West. And Methodist Church, and leads a drawing-room meeting in the home of a leading lady.

Quebec, the Women's Social Secretary conducts the anniversary of the Men's Shelter.

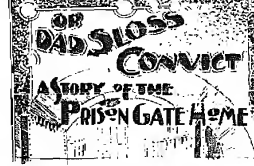
Montreal, Mrs. Read has a meeting in the Presbyterian Mission on Jasper Street; the French Corps, Point St. Charles, and Sunday at No. 1, also opening the new Rescue Home, which is to be called the "Public Industrial Home."

Kingston, Brockville, Channahon and Perth are also visited.

SLUM POST, ST. JOHN'S, Nfld.

Some twenty-five or thirty families have been helped and cured for during the past winter. This part of the work promises to be a great blessing to the sick and dying in the city. Lieutenant S. M. Mercer, Lieutenant J. LeDrew, Commanding Officers.

THE CHRONICLES OF A BRITISH BURGLAR.



Introductory Note.

[We herewith publish the opening chapters of a most thrilling story of Savin Grace. We give publicity to the happenings which have taken place, as they show how hard the way of the transgressor really is, and the efficacy of our Social Institutions in dealing with the submerged and criminal sections of society. That Dad Sloss was a hardened lawbreaker the following facts abundantly attest to—

Dad Sloss was born in the slums of Glasgow, and began his criminal career when seven years of age. He developed into one of the most daring and persistent law-breakers of the century. Forty years were spent by him in Her Majesty's prisons at home and abroad. He was dogged eight times (fifty lashes each time), receiving in all four hundred lashes with the cat. Many after time he escaped from convict prisons, only to be recaptured. Converted 19th May, '89, at the Salvation Army Shelter, Clerkenwell, London. Dad Sloss (the ex-Duke of Portland) is now at the "Bridge," 39 Argyle Square, King's Cross, and stands at prison-gates every morning, trying to help others up who have fallen.]

CHAPTER I.

To Burglary Born.

Archibald Sloss, the subject of this life story, was born on February 25th, 1825, in the slums of Glasgow, his parents being hard-drinking and drunkards. They had no honest trade or occupation, but simply lived on the proceeds of crime. Young Sloss was very badly treated by his inhuman parents. His father was such a terror and a bully that no one dared to

interfere with him. At four years of age Archie Sloss began to sleep out at nights, in doorways, or under arches, to escape the cruelties of his father. At six years of age the boy was made drunk with half-a-pint of whiskey, which his father made him drink, beating him with a stick until the fast drop was consumed, after which the insensible child was thrown out into the street to lie among the rubbish and refuse.

Young Sloss never knew his parents to enter a place of worship, or to speak about religion.

In consequence of their drunken habits they always lived from hand to mouth. Their lives were, indeed, a hell on earth.

At seven years of age, the boy was kicked out of doors by his father, and told to "go and hunt round" for his living. What chance was there for the child in this world? What a pathetic picture of childhood!

Just at this period he was adopted by a family of thieves, and lived with them eight years. He was taught thieving, and was trained as a professional house-breaker, and, putting his whole heart and mind into the unlawful business, he developed into an expert. At fifteen years of age the young burglar became emulous of the law was too slow to catch him.

"The law catch me?" he sometimes boasted. "No, not me! Poor, old, sleepy law! Ha! ha! Archie Sloss is too clever and too wide-awake to be taken by the law!"

Putting full trust in his own cleverness, he lost all fear of being caught, and openly defied the law and the authorities.

The father of the family into which Sloss had been adopted had already served fifteen years in prison for house-breaking, and the sons and daughters had several times been convicted for stealing. Publicly speaking, their home was a splendid school for a criminal education. Crime was the only study and the only pursuit of the family.

Young Sloss experienced no difficulty in serving his apprenticeship to the profession of a burglar, his mind was already set in that direction. He became a most industrious law-breaker as a matter of course.

MAIL BAG SIFTINGS.

WE WERE MISTAKEN.

[THE following letter from Winnipeg corrects an error both the Editor and Adjutant Bradley inadvertently fell into:

Dear Brigadier General—

I see by the latest "Cry" to hand that in your report of an interview with Adjutant Bradley, you say that he raised \$25 for the I. & P., and that this broke the record for the Territory. I think there must be some mistake here, as Winnipeg did \$100.00.

T. H. COLLIER, Major.

LOVES "THE WEST."

SAYS MRS. ADJUTANT PHILLIPS, of Vancouver, B. C.: "I would like to come to Toronto for a week and then fly back to the 'West' with all speed. I know my Eastern friends would forgive me for loving the West, if they could only see it. Sometimes I miss you all very much. We often speak of Toronto and its associations. Adjutant is getting quite fat since coming here, though the climate does not suit me at all."

ALL THE WAY FROM THE PRANAVAS.

A COMRADE and reader of our War Cry at Komatipoort writes as follows:

I have just received the "Cry" of February 27th, with your Commissioner's "Declaration of War." It's real good. She writes some grand articles, doesn't she? I like them very much.

You cannot imagine what a treat the "Cry" is to me so far away from the Army. I don't know what I would do without it. I have only been to one meeting since '92, and I have not seen a Salvationist since '94, and there are no churches in this wilderness. But I thank God He is always near. I am so glad He ever brought me to the Cross. I don't know where I would have been now but for His love to me.

This is an awful country for one who is unconverted.

Sometimes young fellows come out here thinking to make fortunes, and instead of that ruin both body and soul.

I have been a very bright young man come out here, and after being away from all good influences for a few months, go to the bad altogether.

It is always easy to tell a fellow new in the country, for then he seems to have some heart and conscience, but the money-making man soon takes all that out of him.

The Transvaal is very unchristian now, and thousands of men are out of work. The Government are importing arms and ammunition by every ship from England, and the English are sending two regiments out to the Cape this month, so it looks as though there was going to be trouble.

A CORPS REPORT IN THE EDMONTON BULLETIN.

The Salvation Army parade on Saturday night attracted considerable attention. The central figures were "The Ten Virgins," attired and enveloped in ghostly robes of white, with their lamps trimmed, and not burning.—Edmonton Bulletin.

THEY MUST HAVE GOT STEAM UP.

"The Canadian Statesman," referring to the Field Commissioner's meetings at Bowmanville, says Major Gaskin and Captain Peacock assisted in the services, but they shouted too loudly in addressing people who live outside of a deaf and dumb asylum. We have never heard why it is necessary to shout so wildly in petitioning the Almighty, whose ear is ever open to the feeblest cry of His child.

OUR BUSY CHANCELLOR.

Major Collier sticks pretty closely to his office, sometimes for five or six weeks at a time he is never outside Winnipeg, and at the end of the month it is extra heavy early and late work getting out statistical returns.

Nursed on nature's rotten juices Rot of body, rot of soul. That's where alcohol is born; To his rotten nature true, To rot is all that he can do. Rotten men and rotten boys, Rotten hopes and rotten joys, Rotten fame and reputation, Rotten wealth in the nation! Rotten battles, rotten laws, Rotten with a rotten cause, Nursed on nature's rotten juices, Rot is all that he produces.

—Westerly Tithings.

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Montreal I. Booming Ahead

7 p. m. on Victoria Square is

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[A SERIAL STORY.]

BERHAVEN boasted, among

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SALVATION SHOUTS



That I from sin may be set free,
While I pray,
My wayward nature, Lord, refine,
Raise me in Christ to life Divine,
That I may ever feel Thine mine,
While I pray.

H. Kreiger, Edmonton.

Backslider, Come Home.

Time—"Call Me Back Again."
I went one night into an Army meeting,
God's Spirit strove with me so very plain,
I ventured out, and oh, I was so happy,
I thought I never could backslide again.
I was controlled, I fought for Christ my Saviour,
I bore the Cross, the mocking and the shame,
The tempter came, and in an evil moment
I fell, and so I lost my peace again.

Chorus.

Take me back again, take me back again,
I'm tired now of selfish, worldly pleasure.
Oh, will my Saviour take me back again?

God's Spirit left, those parting words were spoken,
"I leave thee now, to try the world again."
The true, strong love He once bestowed on me,
I felt, alas, 'twas taken back again.

My hopes all fled, no friends seemed near to cheer me,
Discouragement poured down on me like rain;
The opera and the ball-room seemed to mock me,
Oh, will my Saviour take me back again?

Oh, Lord, I come to Thee once more for pardon,
My waywardness has only brought me pain;
The world has brought me bitter pain and sorrow,
Lord Jesus, take, oh, take me back again!

I know that God has healed all my backslidings,
The joy once lost has been restored again;
Now, whenever, Jesus sees your lost condition,
And waits to freely take you back again.

Salvation Forever.

Time—"Bring Back My Bonnie to Me."
Salvation is bound as the ocean,
Salvation is deep as the sea;
Salvation is always in motion,
Salvation is boundless and free.

Chorus.

Slur it, slur it,
Salvation through Jesus for me!
Slur it, slur it,
Salvation through Jesus for thee!

There's no friend for sinners like Jesus,
There's no friend like Jesus can save;
From all sinful thoughts He'll release us,
And keep us true, earnest and brave.

We'll sing this "good news" o'er the nation,
Till all who are tempted and tried
Shall turn to our God for Salvation,
And cling to the Christ crucified.

Harry Benton, Durham.

Our Army's Marching on.

Time—"John Brown's Body."
God is with our Army, we are marching on to war,
We don't care what the devil thinks, or what he says we are;
Thus those who are against us our God is more by far—
Our Army's marching on!

God is with us, Hallelujah!
God is with us, Hallelujah!
God is with us, Hallelujah!
Our Army's marching on!

The Great Jehovah—King of kings,
The God of heaven and earth,
Who more than thirty years ago did give our Army birth;
He's led us on, from year to year, oh,
Sing with holy mirth!
Our Army's marching on!

Our hosts are marching onward and our flag is now unfurled,
In nearly every country; we will conquer all the world;
The devil and his angels back to hell are being hurled—
Our Army's marching on!

Brigadier Addie.

Time—"The Blood of Jesus Cleanses White as Snow," B. J. 10, 1.
For years I was in darkness gross,
So blind I could not see;
The simple story of the Cross
Possessed no charm for me.

My soul was dark as night,
But Jesus sent the light
Into my soul, and now, thank God, I see.

Chorus.

With Jesus I am walking in the light,
With Jesus I am walking in the light,
True peace I now enjoy,
'Tis bliss without alloy,
With Jesus I am walking in the light.

The Gospel light from Heaven fell
Into my darkened soul,
With such a message that every scale
From off my eyes did roll.
All darkness passed away,
My night was changed to-day,
And now with Christ I'm walking in the light.

My soul, which was by Satan bound,
Is set at liberty and sound,
True joy and peace in Christ I've found—
He gives me victory,
And now, wherever I go,
To all the world I'll show
That I with Christ am walking in the light.

Time—"There's Mercy Still for Thee," B. J. 15.
The Judgment Day is drawing near in dread reality,
When all the dead God's voice shall hear.

And rise from their dead and see,
Then for this awful day prepare,
Repent and turn to God;
His life He gave, He longs to save,
And wash you in His blood.

Chorus.

There's mercy still for thee, (Repeat.)
Poor, trembling soul, He'll make thee whole,
There's mercy still for thee.

Oh, what a countless host shall then
Before the Judge appear,
Waiting with joy or guilty dread,
Their final doom to hear!
Then hidden things revealed will be,
And secrets brought to light;
Their sinful course will sinners see,
And tremble at the sight.

These opportunities abused
By God in mercy sent;
The Spirit's voice so long refused,
That would have led to Heaven.
Oh, ere your every chance be fled,
Yield to the Spirit's voice!
He calls to-day, no more delay,
But make the Lord your choice.

They Embalmed Him Alive.

PROFESSOR MASPERO, the renowned Egyptologist, says that among the Royal mummies unbandaged in 1866 was one, a young man, who had evidently been tightly bound in three places, and then coated with bitumen, lime, and pounded resin, and then wound from head to foot with bandages which had been soaked in some glutinous preparation. The agonised expression of the face and other evidences gave the scientists their clue. His age was probably about twenty-three. The gold ornaments on his body indicated that he was one of high rank, and most likely the victim of some terrible tragedy. The way this unhappy man was bound is a strong illustration of the cruelly bound state some men suffer themselves to be led into by sin, and how agonising must be their last moments!

God estimates us not by the position we are in but by the way in which we fill that position.

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.—Whitaker.

HELPS FOR J. S. WORKERS

JUNE 13th.

"PERSONAL EXPERIENCE"

Psalm xxxiv.

DAVID'S TESTIMONY.

David was a great man at giving his testimony. He never gave it from force of habit or because he could not get out of doing so, but because his heart was running over with the praises of the God who had done great things for him and in whom he had such love and confidence.

BOASTING IN THE LORD.

David had a good object in his testimony-giving—to give glory to God. That should be the aim of all who stand up to give their personal experience. David spoke of boasting in the Lord. What a glorious Christ to boast in! What God has done for us! Our very good desires, and the fact that we have a testimony to give at all, are His gifts. Let us see to it that He gets all the praise.

"I SOUGHT THE LORD."

David began at the starting-point—the step that paves the way for all spiritual triumphs. He sought, his cry was heard, and he was delivered from all his fears.

Never be afraid of telling the story of your conversion. Give your up-to-date experience, but never be afraid of going back to the moment when you knelt at the penitent-form and found Jesus. It will help your own soul and help others in their struggle with sin.

Let us see to it that He gets all the praise.

After seeking and finding the Lord, David found out by practical experience how blessed are those that trust in Him. He urged all to taste—test the riches of His grace. He told how the children of God did not want, how the Lord looked after them while they looked after His interests.

A WORD TO THE JUNIORS.

David did not leave out the children. As he looked back over his past experience he longed to see all start what is truly the secret of a happy life—the love and service of God in the fear of the Lord. He pointed out how those who wanted to live a good and a long life must start by serving God. The love and service of God is the one thing which can make any one's life in the highest sense of the word successful.

TAKE CARE OF "LITTLE THINGS."

The tongue David mentions as needing special care, and does not our own experience bear out the importance with which it is mentioned. The boy or girl whose tongue has been given to God will be a blessing and comfort wherever they go, whereas if that little but often unruly member is allowed to speak hasty and sharp words, its owner will have a changeable experience and fail to be the gleam of sunshine amongst other people that any saved boy or girl should be.

THE PORTION OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

A righteous man is a man who is right—right all through in every thought and word and deed. If a man would be righteous in the great events of his life, he must prepare himself for them by being righteous in all details of every-day life. Therefore, such a man must have the blessing of a clean heart. David contrasts the righteous and the wicked—the goodness and reward of one and the wickedness and sorrow of the other. These who are sorrowful of the other. These who are right in the sight of God need have no fear—though dark their circumstances God's favor is with them and He will protect them from evil. To be right according to His will will bring heavenly prosperity, however dark earthly circumstances may appear.

QUESTIONS.

1. Why did David give his testimony?
2. What is the first important step in our experience?
3. What advice did David give the children?
4. What "little" thing did he tell them to be careful to watch?
5. What is a righteous man and what does the Lord promise such?

MEMORY TEXT.

"I sought the Lord and He heard me and delivered me from all my fears."

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FRANCO-SWISS WAR.

Unique Slum Story.

WE HAVE received a most interesting booklet by Commissioner E. and Lucy Booth-Hellberg entitled "ECHOES FROM THE FRANCO-SWISS BATTLEFIELD." Our hasty perusal creates the impression that a splendid spiritual work is being done by the Army in France and Switzerland. The Army there has 438 Officers, has conducted 15,000 meetings in France, at which 44 men and women have publicly sought Salvation. In Switzerland, 5,635 penitents have been registered and the number of the soldiers has increased by one-fifth. Besides an annual statement of the cash passing through the Territorial Headquarters, and some grateful references to the splendid work of Commissioner Booth-Hellberg and the Marchant, in the fifteen years of their command, it contains "Echoes" from the penitents, the Rescue Homes, and Slums, and so on. Here is an echo from the Slum work:

At 10 o'clock one evening the Officers are asked to go and visit a poor lonely woman, who had attracted a neighbour's attention by her loud cries. They are conducted to a miserable little attic, the horrid stench of which nearly made it impossible to enter, furniture and chattels non-existent, with the exception of a saucepan. And here is a woman, in the pangs of child-birth, without so much as a blanket to cover herself with.—It takes them a tremendous effort to rouse a sleepy neighbour who, with much grumbling, at last consents to go and fetch the district doctor. After a while—It seemed hours to the Officers—this gentleman arrives accompanied by two policemen, for, he it understood, into these regions where our Officers move about at all hours of the night, the doctor dare not penetrate unless he has "a guardian of the peace" on each side. He says that nothing will happen for another month, gives some instructions and withdraws, grumbling at having been disturbed at such an hour and professing the speedy collapse of the Salvation Army. The poor woman seems a little calmer and the Lieutenant prevails upon the Captain, who had been awake the whole previous night, to go home, leaving her alone with the sick. But before ten minutes have passed the pains return, the woman takes hold of the Lieutenant and pleads with her not to leave her. Fortunately a woman neighbour comes and offers to lend a hand. The doctor is sent for again and he arrives in a far from amiable mood—always accompanied by the two policemen.

Doctor—"You seem to think that I am going to spend the night here!"

Slum Lassie—"Monsieur, the child will soon be born, you see the frightful misery, not a rag to wrap it in, what shall we do?"

Doctor—"Get some cabbage-leaves. I return home now."

Slum Lassie—"Indeed you won't! You must give an order for this woman to enter the hospital and send for a carriage to take her there!"

Doctor—"A carriage! Who is going to pay for that? I can't do anything in this matter."

Slum Lassie—"If it is only the question of the cab fare I will be responsible for that, but I understand that if you give an order the municipality will pay."

In the face of such determination the doctor gives way and the carriage is sent for.

But now arises the question as to how to get the woman down from the fourth story and in to the carriage. The policemen, although very sympathetic, refuse to give their assistance as it is "against their instructions." If she were in the street they could take charge of her, but they have no right to carry her out of the house. They dare not disobey their regulation. However, the girl who prevailed upon the doctor overcame the scruples of the policemen after a little persuasive appealing to their human feelings. So they dared to defy their instructions and carried the woman down stairs.

But the adventures of that night were not yet at an end. The driver was drunk, the horse took fright and ran away, the carriage was smashed and the woman, expecting to become mother, was landed on the pavement on the new-fallen snow. What was to be done? The Officer first of all wraps the poor woman in some of her own warm clothes and then the driver offers to go and fetch some help, but on condition that the Lieutenant would hold the horse while he is away, and this naturally third girl, who had never in her life before dared to come near a horse, held the restive animal for ten minutes until help arrived. We are glad to say that she was rewarded for her heroism by seeing the woman at last safe within the walls of the hospital.

THE WAR CRY.

HELL'S CARDINAL PANG.

Written Especially for the War Cry Platform by
Major Southall.



WE would speak of the glorious reality of Salvation, of its priceless-ness, of its power, of its peace, of its joyousness on earth, or its assurances for the life to come.

Aye, rather would we speak of Him who loved us and gave Himself for us. Of His wondrous grace. Of His matchless sympathy. Of His poverty. Of His sorrow. Of His loneliness. Of His agony in the garden. Of His sufferings at the scourging pillar. Of His exquisite agonies when crowned with a crown of thorns—when pierced with the sword-points of His deriders—when the spikes of His murderers' increased hands and feet—when His body hung on three nails—when gall and vinegar was the response to His call for drink—when the soldier's spear severed the main artery of His heart—when the crimson river flowed from His riven side, which was capable of bearing away on its majestic tide the sins of the whole world. Aye, rather would we speak to you of Jesus and His power to save.

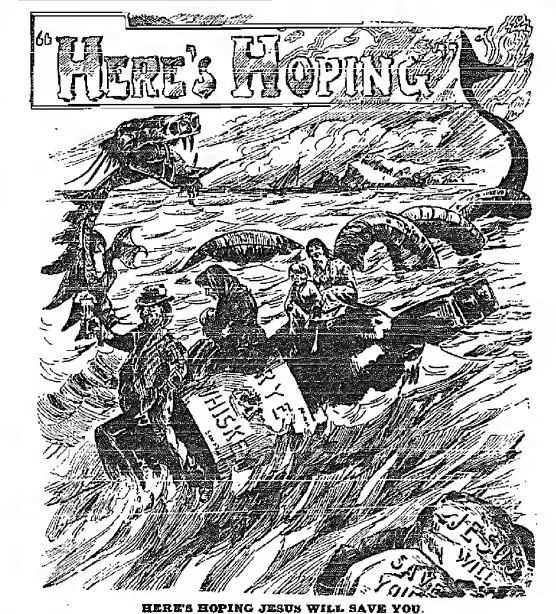
HIT—If after so long listening to the story you still persist in rejecting Him, we are conscious of our responsibility as His ambassadors. That responsibility is to you.

as though you had not listened to this and other Salvation Army addresses. Alas! No, do not think so, for

You Have Not Done with Them.

You carry with you a faculty that no power can annihilate—the ability to REMEMBER. How many have told us that when suddenly thrust (by accidents in various ways) upon the confines of another world, the deeds of a lifetime seemed suddenly to sweep down upon them with an overwhelming force: acts of meanness, selfishness, fraudulence, cruelty and other wrongs that have been forgotten, were suddenly resurrected and passed before their eyes in review order, carrying their penalty with them. The rich man's testimony is handed down to us in proof of this awful power having its sway in the life beyond the grave.

"Only a parable?"—maybe. It does not affect the truth itself whether it be illustrated by a parable or by actual fact. He remembered his superabundance of things on earth—he remembered the poverty and wretchedness of the poor man at his gate. Possibly he thinks if he could but speak to Lazarus he may be able to remedy the past in some measure, and seeing Lazarus "afar off" in "Abraham's bosom"—a place of special blessedness—he appeals to the father of his race



HERE'S HOPING JESUS WILL SAVE YOU.

—A Cartoon from the Pacific Coast War Cry.

bility is to remind you that if you will not accept His mercy

You Must Endure His Justice.

Long has the day of mercy held out. As God permitted the sun at Joshua's mandate to stand still, so He seems to have permitted the sun of your day of grace to tarry in his course. But he is nearing the western horizon—the shadows are beginning to gather—the evening is at hand—and quickly the gloom of night will be upon you. What then, if you persist in persisting your present course until that darkness surrounds you? Have you weighed the question sufficiently? Have you given the same regard to this side, as to the side of the pleasures of life? I think not. Do not imagine that you have done with a mother's prayers because years intervene since you listened to them. Do not think that the lessons and truths that aroused your conscience in church and Sunday-school are forever gone because you are older and bigger than you were then. Do not think that as you leave this building to-night (if unconverted) that things will be with you

(hoping it may insure his rescue) to send Lazarus to cool his tongue with water.

"Son, Remember."

Ah, that was what he was anxious NOT to do. The loathsomeness of the bit of vice with its horrible fends—the shivering anguish that pierce his brain and sting his heart—the smouldering caused by the burning fire that leaped about him—seemed almost tolerable, compared with this frightful power that recalled his former condition and unimproved opportunities so vividly. This biting serpent was ever sending its fangs into the quick of his soul, and yet time (if it could be called such) did not seem to weaken its power. Ever revolving, this wheel of a quickened memory, must forever go on making fresh as if of yesterday the meanness and wrongs of a century or an age gone before.

Friend, while we are candid with you we are also anxious for your soul's welfare. Do not be deluded into thinking light of the question of eternal punishment because you cannot conceive of material fire, etc. The power

already alluded to is capable of producing definitely greater pain and anguish than material fire. You realize beyond any question that you

Must Carry this Faculty with You

Think, then, if only banished from God—if only housed with the vilest, the most wretchedly repulsive of the most villainous of the world's outcasts in all history—if only in have the power to remember in such circumstances the days of childhood—mother's prayers—the old church—the faithful minister and Sunday school teacher—the earnest Salvation Army Officers and Soldiers you knew—the deeds of wrong-doing (not very bad, perhaps, neither was the rich man) that cost you your soul—and then to REMEMBER what you are, and what you might have been, will surely decide the votary that a quickened, infallible memory must be

The Cardinal Pang of Hell.

WAR CRY SELLER GARRIE McQUEEN,
Of Windsor, Ontario, Gives Her Testimony.



I have been a Soldier for over two years. I have been selling War Cry about six months. I love the work and am glad that I am able to carry the Gospel of Jesus to the saloons. God has wonderfully helped me in my doing. By His help I mean to do all I can for the extension of His Kingdom.

Yours in God's service,
GARRIE McQUEEN.

MRS. J. MEDLOCK,
An Old Soldier and Successful War Cry Seller of Richmond St. Corps (Old No. 1) Gives a Good Testimony to the Value of War Cry Selling.

Toronto, Ont.

Dear Editor:—

I felt like sending a few lines this morning concerning the home of the War Cry. I could tell you of dozens of cases I have seen while selling the War Cry, which I shouldn't have seen had I not been selling it. Only a short time ago I got into a house where a young man was dying. By selling the Cry and through singing that beautiful song, "You've carried your burden," God made it the means of his soul being saved, and he is in Heaven to-day.



Only this last Saturday I had not got many yards from my own house when I was asked whether I would come in, and there I had a dear saint of God, who had been suffering the last fortnight, who needed a cheering word and a little prayer. He had sent for his own minister and friends and got no help. With tears he thanked me for the prayer of sympathy. Then a few steps further God had taken a darling child, and there I was enabled to point the mother to God, and prayed the Lord to help her in her time of sorrow. I felt in my own soul the harvest is great and the laborers are few. I pray He will keep me very near to Him, that I may always be a blessing. God bless you, and give you much success in your labor of love!

MRS. J. MEDLOCK,
Richmond Street, No. 1.

When Christians are one in Christ, the world will be won for Christ.

—

You should forgive many things in others, but nothing in yourself.—A. A. Arnold.

—

A little will serve a man who is strong in grace; much will not serve him who is weak in grace; nothing will do for him who is void of grace.

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the Salvation Army, published by M. C. Borg, E. A. Pringle, Halse, 12 Albert Street, Toronto.



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